The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule Gold

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LENOX AND
FOUNDATIONS

First Prize Story

The Bloom and the Blight

By Georgia Kotsch—Illustrations by Esther L. Carr

"They made me a big offer to take out an engine today, Jean."

"And you refused?"

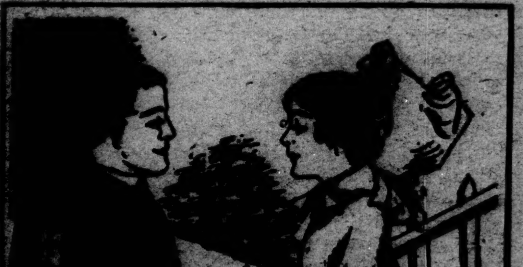
"Yes."

"You must stand by the men and their families."

It was what he knew she would say, and yet he sorely needed to hear her say it. He spurned the bribe to betray his comrades, but in the reaction of his overwrought feelings he felt like a sinking man beating at waves closing over his head. Not even Jean could know what taking out an engine meant to him. He knew he could do it as well as any engineer on the road and his years of faithful service had been so near fruition. And the increased wages would have meant—Jean! In the tossing waves he saw go down a cottage in a grassy yard with a bed of geraniums and between the lace curtains at a window the sweetest face in all the world welcoming him home from a "[illegible]."

But he knew the depth to which unorganized and unresisting workers were sunk and he walked the way which duty to his fellows pointed.

Staunch and hopeful, confident in Tom's ability to "get along," if Jean thought of added stultified years in a dusty office she gave no sign. In her fine courage and devotion Tom recognized a new reason for valuing her.



The Bloom

In the days when he had carried her umbrella over her to school—privilege of the blest—and since, it had been the spiritual beauty of her face and nature which had charmed and awed him. Alive even then to progress she had triumphantly led the school debates upon woman suffrage and he had teasingly called her a "new woman." From school she went into the dusty office.

Hope and fear fluctuated with rumors of settlement and non-settlement of the strike, but the employers were thoroughly organized, the workers were not. Gradually men drifted back to work. Tom had been active in the strike and there was no place for him. The town was full of men brought in during the trouble and willing to work upon any terms.

Then came weary days of humbly asking for a chance to live, sapping the fine independence with which he was wont to face the world.

He tried the mines. Accustomed to the monotony of the row of dingy shacks he one day helped carry an injured fellow-worker home and had a glimpse of the life within. It appalled him; the bareness, the rusty stove, the creaking floor, the gaunt, disheartened woman with frightened children clinging to her and in the midst the deathlike form of all that stood between them and even more dire want.

Tom clenched his hands as he walked down the road.

"Great heavens, before I'd bring Jean to that ——" and his resolve was made.

A tender parting with Jean and he was gone. Surely he could get work [illegible].

Kindly trainmen gave him a ride on engine or caboose from one point to another. Often he was half promised a place, but always it was the same in the end. At last the fearful truth, the black shadow which had hovered incessantly over him, took shape.

Blacklisted!

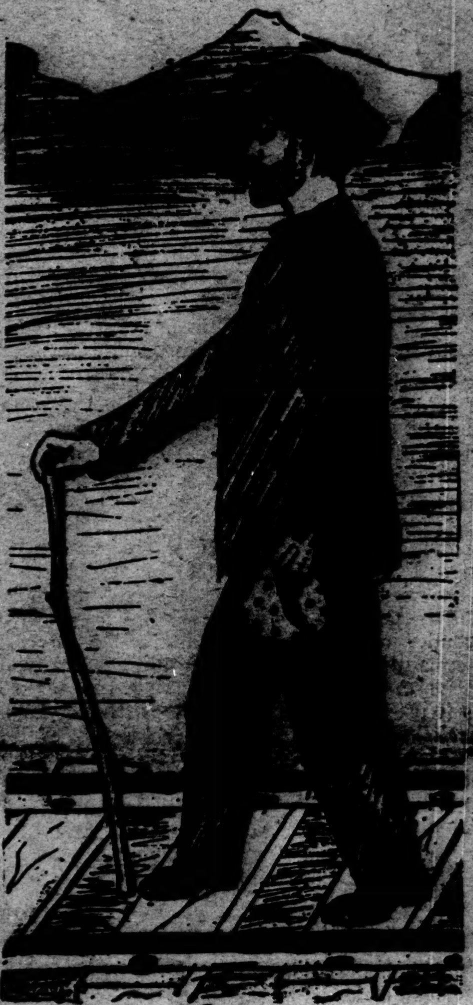
When he realized that the curse of the powerful lay upon him, he did what he never did before nor after—he got ingloriously drunk to dull the edge of despair.

After that he indulged in no more illusions. He knew he was one of the six-million army upon the ties, a grain of the shifting sands of the unemployed.

In all the desert years that he shared the lot of that great mass, divorced from home and all that makes life worth living, many of them as bright and good as the world produces, he was loyal to Jean, but he took the course he believed the more merciful to her. He gave her the opportunity to forget him. In camp and mine and harvest field he struggled for existence with never enough ahead to allow him to think of returning to her. Once on his brink by the glare of a spouting inferno in the oil fields he read in his sister's letter, "Jean was married to——" and he crushed the paper and threw it in the cooking stove. He "went out and it was dark," despite the fiery well. Every thing about the place was hateful. He must shift to another camp. A wild ride with the stinging wind in his face as he clung to the grudging hospitality of a brake-beam, helped to cool the fires of the accursed which burned in his brain.

Yet hope resurrects from the dead ashes of the past the moment it hears the trumpet-call of opportunity. Tom happened to be the one out of ten thousand toilers who live and die without earthly hope to whom at last a chance comes. He knew that under the present system no man can get wealth by working and at first he despised himself for accepting what came from the toil of others. A Socialist comrade set him right.

"If you refuse this it will but fall into another's hands, probably one who cares nothing for the working world. In any case the workers will not be less exploited. If you accept you can use it to spread the gospel of industrial freedom and help to overthrow the profit system."



Blacklisted

With release of his faculties from the thralldom of immediate need and fear for the future, Tom was returning to the kindly interest in life which was his nature. He wrote to his sister and received an answer. How good the little newsy items about the old familiar names! It was the wells of Elim to the host athirst. "Jean—Jean has been a widow for a year."

From that moment the east was the base from which he could best carry out his plans for aiding the cause of the workers. Now, deep in the cushioned comfort of those who pay respectable tribute to the Pullman Company, he listened to the home-song of the rails.

"Dainty little Jean," he mused. "She will be some changed, of course. I'm some older myself," and he laughed as though age were a jolly boon.

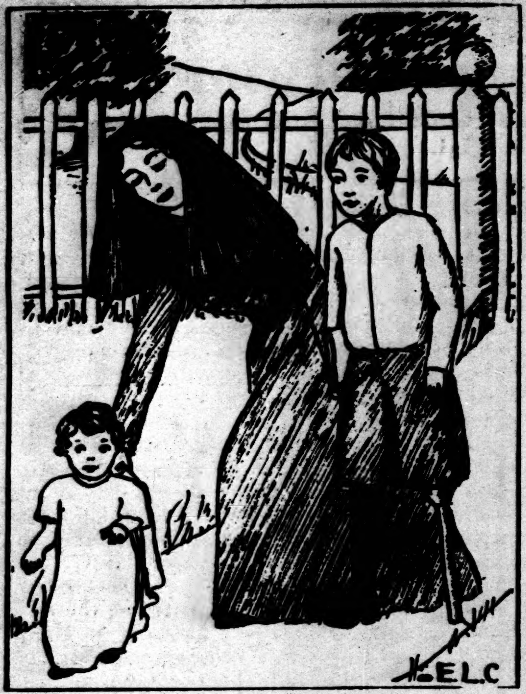
Two days of luxuriating in the sensations of the returned exile and his sister was coming up the walk. With her was a woman garbed in dusty black. A little girl ran before them, stumbling and falling at the step. The woman picked her up with a jerk, shaking her and scolding in a high-pitched voice.

"I have brought Mrs. Kelly home to take dinner with us, Tom. Jean, this is our returned prodigal."

Jean? This hard-faced, ill-tempered, untidily dressed woman!

Mrs. Kelly talked freely of her own affairs and fidgeted about the little girl.

"Yes, it was a mercy Kelly didn't last long [illegible]



The Blight

he had the stroke. I don't know what I'd 'a done if he'd had a long spell. Look how long Fanny lasted. Can you see that child, Martha? Is she in the mud?"

By way of getting into more cheerful topics Tom referred to the victorious school debates.

"O, yes; I was foolish enough them days. I've found we women have enough to do without voting. I've never had time to read a book since I married Kelly. Do you notice, Martha, how Billy gets around on that cork leg? Wasn't it a wonder we got the five hundred dollars from the company? It gives us a breathin' spell, anyhow. I 'spose, Tom, you'll find it as hard to get work as it used to be. The car shops shut down last week."

When she had spread her dusty crepe upon her shoulders and was gone Tom went out for air.

"You find Jean changed?" said Martha at tea.

"Was that Jean?"

"Sis, I shall be going in a few days," he said presently.

"Don't say that, Tom."

"I can't stay, Martha, you know I can't."

"Is it Jean?" she said softly.

"Jean is dead," he said bitterly. "That frowsy, unfeeling woman who is relieved by the death of members of her family—"

"But you don't understand—"

"—She is proud of her mourning and her son's cork leg."

"Tom, you are unjust. Can you listen to Jean's history?"

He winced and bowed to the ordeal.

"When you had ceased to write to her—"

"Martha," he groaned, "God knows I did what I thought was best for her. I was down and out."

"Yes, dear, I know, but the fact was that she was robbed of the man she loved. Her father and mother got so feeble she could not leave them to work. John Kelly, the section foreman, offered himself. What choice had the poor girl? She did what thousands do—sold herself in marriage for a living for herself and those dependent upon her. John Kelly brought children into the world without knowing how they were to be fed. After he got hurt he only got a dollar a day as a crossing watchman and when Jean was not tied with the care of a baby she was working in an overall factory to help keep the family from starvation. She's a heroine. If you had not had a new dress in ten years wouldn't you be proud of one, mourning or otherwise?"

Tom was in too somber a mood to disclaim a longing for a new dress and Martha waxed eloquent in her defense of a crushed sister. "Jean is what wicked and cruel circumstances have made her," she said.

"Martha, I have allowed you to say you were not a Socialist."

"Well, I think people ought to have a chance for the best that is in them to grow. I am a religious woman, but I know that the soul can be shriveled by the blight of poverty."

"What can I do, Martha? The bloom is off the rose, but I would like to help her."

That week Tom stumbled upon Billy stretched upon a park seat reading a book. Looking at the title he said, "Pretty good reading that, boy. Do you like to study?"

"What's the use?"

"How is that?"

"Aw, they made me quit school and go to work."

"Would you like to go to school again?"

"Can't."

"Now, I know a rich man who likes to spend his money educating children who want an education."

"Here's one," said Billy.

"It was a shame you couldn't go on to school."

Sympathy embarrassed Billy. The natural thing was to be scolded for not liking to work.

"You see I am a Socialist and believe every boy and girl should have a fine education."

"I thought they blowed up presidents and tore down people's houses."

"On the contrary, they mean that everybody shall have a happy home."

Martha being busy with all manner of philanthropic patches upon the old garment, it was not difficult for her to become a medium between the "rich gentleman" and the Widow Kelly's children, and so generous was the gentleman's allowance for their care and education that the mother found herself, for the first time since her girlhood, actually free to live. She read with avidity the occasional book which found its way from Martha's table, loaded these days with Socialist books and papers.

Three years later as she and Tom walked home from a Socialist meeting she was saying, "We must get these working women more solidly organized. Only with the ability to secure shorter hours and better pay will they ever have time to think and become intelligent Socialists."

"True, Jean, dear," said Tom. "We will work to that end. As in love we are one, so in devotion to the cause of these men and women with whom we have worked and suffered and whose cause is the cause of the whole race. We are one for life."

HAVE YOU BAD I'S?

A man with one bad eye is unfortunate. If he has two bad eyes, he is in hard luck for sure. What then must we say of the vast number of American Voters who have **three** bad "I's"?

Most of the Country's troubles are due to the fact that the most of the voters have three bad "I's." The names of these bad "I's" are Indolence, Indifference and Ignorance. It is really astonishing how many voters have them. Because of their Indolence they positively will not study the great questions of the day. Because of their Indifference they will not become interested in these questions, although of the utmost vital importance to them. Because of their Indolence and Indifference they remain in Ignorance of the real issue upon which they are supposed to vote. Such voters cannot be expected to vote for their own interests.

Talk about not knowing on which side their bread is buttered! Why a lot of fellows are too lazy to care whether they have either bread or butter. **Are you one of these? Have you bad "I's"?** Or can you muster up enough ambition to consider some of the vital questions of the day? Plain bread-and-butter questions. Questions which affect YOU directly. The greatest of these questions today is the question of Socialism. **Begin today.** Read all you can find on all sides of this question. Then you can vote with a good "I," viz., Intelligence, in 1912.

A Comrade.

Nobody in Pittsburg bought Rembrandt's "Mill." It isn't the kind that yields dividends.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

And we hope, for the sake of art, that the mills that are yielding dividends in Pittsburg will never be painted.

SOCIALIST POST CARDS, four different kinds, "What Socialism Means," by E. E. Carr; "The Economic Foundation of Freedom," by W. W. Passage; "Socialism Necessary to Christianity," by Rev. Jas. L. Smiley, and "Frances E. Willard's Views of Socialism." 10c per dozen, 50c per hundred, assorted samples, 10c.

THAT GREAT PROPOSITION

Socialism is the greatest business proposition, because it will establish the greatest, most extensive business organization possible—the Co-operative Commonwealth, in which each and every man will be an equal stockholder or partner enjoying all the material benefits such a profitable business organization will involve.

Socialism will be the greatest insurance proposition, because it will not only insure each and every man a sufficient pension in old age and in case of sickness or accident, but it will also guarantee to every one a permanent and profitable job or position, provided he will give his best service in return.

Socialism, therefore, will prove to be the greatest missionary movement in the world; because, by establishing this universal condition of peace and plenty, it will have removed the chief causes of wrong, oppression, injustice and poverty, the prime causes of crime, vice, and wickedness generally, and it will have established a social system in which each and all can live lives of honesty, sobriety, virtue, peace, and brotherly love—the full satisfaction of the law. (Rom. 13:8, 10.)

It is the business of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST to prove to the Christian world that these facts are true and that real Socialism is simply the practical application of real Christianity. No one can read the wonderful articles on "Socialism in the Bible," by the editor, nor the great articles on the Sunday School lessons by Comrade Prosser, specially these two articles in the last number of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST, and not realise that the Bible, the Christian's text book, demands a social system based on the perfect Brotherhood of Man, the logical sequence of the Fatherhood of God, and that such a society can be established only through the full development and application of Socialism.

Now as every sincere Christian will follow the teaching of his Master, as soon as he is made to see the full truth of His teaching, and as the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST work is following logically and psychologically the lines of least resistance to the large majority of the people, it can readily be seen that the greatest work we can do to hasten the coming of Socialism is to extend the circulation of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST as rapidly as possible.

Indeed that is why Christian and materialist Socialists have vied with each other in distributing this paper so extensively and in pushing its circulation so rapidly. Hundreds and thousands of ministers have confessed directly or indirectly through their own ready-made audiences.

But while a growth in circulation from four thousand a few years ago to an average of over twenty thousand now is very encouraging, it is not at all what it ought to be for the work to be done and the material at hand to do it. Admitting the full value of all the other Socialist papers, dailies, weeklies, etc., the work of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST is particularly strategic and valuable in our work among Christian people and is acknowledged so by all the Socialist workers who have used it. Note the good work of this paper in the Milwaukee campaign among the Catholic wards and other strong Christian districts. It must be remembered that our work is not to make Christians, and hence we have no fight with any people on account of any special belief. But our work is to make Socialists out of Christians and we prove to them that they must either accept Socialism or fail in their Christian duty, for the Christian faith demands a Christian social system which can be no other than Socialism.

The greatest work we can do for Socialism, therefore, is to work for the upbuilding of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST plant by extending the circulation of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST and making it possible to publish the Christian Socialist pamphlets and books we have in readiness for the press.

Give us 50,000 subscribers this year and we shall get 100,000 next year. Give us this many earnest Christian readers and we will agree to convert a large majority of them inside of a year. Let us convert a majority of the people in five years, and in five more years we will have Socialism as an established fact with all its blessings to humanity and to the Church itself.

Can the majority of the people be converted to Socialism in five years? Yes, if you enable us to give them enough of the right kind of literature.

We need your help specially NOW. (a) Because we are starting the weekly and need a much larger number of subscriptions to put it on a paying basis; (b) Because this is the season when so many people give up their activities. BUT THIS WORK MUST GO ON AND PRINTERS' BILLS MUST BE PAID. (c) The fight for purity in the party has roused against us the opposition of many com-

rades who are using unfair and unreasonable methods against us and we must ask our favorable comrades to give EXTRA EFFORTS for a time to offset this work and keep up the good work until the truth shall be known to all and our misrepresentors will be fully understood.

Remember, we want to start a sixteen page weekly just as soon as possible. We cannot do our best work for you and the cause until we get it.

Remember, we ought to have $5,000 right now to carry out these plans and do the work we might and ought to do this year.

All this is very easy to do in a constituency of 20,000 people, if we will get the matter right down on our consciences and hearts and GET BUSY.

1. IF ONLY 5,000 OF OUR READERS WILL SEND US A DOLLAR FOR ONE NEW YEARLY SUBSCRIBER, THE TRICK IS TURNED. Surely this is easy to do. And if all should do this little deed, and renew their own subscription as well what a great work we could do at once. Let us at least get the 5,000.

2. THERE ARE AT LEAST ONE THOUSAND COMRADES SCATTERED OVER THE COUNTRY IN THE VARIOUS LOCALS WHO CAN GET ENOUGH COMRADES TO CO-OPERATE WITH THEM AND RAISE SIX DOLLARS TO SEND THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST FOR THREE MONTHS—THIRTEEN WEEKS—TO THE MINISTERS, PRIESTS AND LEADING CHRISTIAN WORKERS—FORTY OF THEM—IN HIS COMMUNITY. No better investment can be made for time and eternity than this. No better Socialist propaganda work can be done, and no cheaper. Shall we not have these thousand clubs at once?

3. THEN WE MUST NOT FORGET THE FIVE HUNDRED COMRADES WHO CAN EASILY BUY FROM ONE TO FIVE SHARES OF STOCK AT $10.00 EACH AND HELP US AND THEMSELVES IN SHARING THE JOYS AND THE BURDENS OF THIS GREAT WORK. WE NEED YOUR HELP NOW, COMRADES. NOT TO PAY FOR ANY DEAD HORSES BUT TO PRODUCE AND UTILIZE THE GREATEST SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA PAPER IN THE WORLD TODAY. May we not have your orders for stock NOW?

4. WE NEED A SUSTAINERS' FUND OF AT LEAST $300.00 PER MONTH TO KEEP THE WEEKLY GOING AND TO MAKE THE SIXTEEN PAGE A POSSIBILITY UNTIL WE GET A LARGER LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS. Three hundred pledged to pay only one dollar per month out of 20,00 people is so small a number that we believe it will certainly not be necessary to wait long for this.

COMRADES, WE ARE NOT BEGGING. WE ARE SIMPLY OFFERING YOU ONE OF THE GREATEST PROPOSITIONS TO INVEST YOUR MONEY POSSIBLE FOR ANY ONE TO GIVE. Are you interested in ending this world's sin and sorrow and realize a world of joy, peace, and love in Socialism? Then let us enter this work in dead earnest and make the cause of Christian Socialism win. Give us the means to publish and circulate plenty Christian Socialist Literature, and the world will soon reward us all abundantly.

IF WE LOOK AT THIS IN A PURELY BUSINESS MANNER, FOR THE SAKE OF THE CAUSE, WE SHALL KEEP AT THIS WORK. The more you invest, the greater will the work be and the sooner will we all realize the great goal, the Co-operative Commonwealth, the Kingdom of God on earth.

Shall we hear from you all this week? How soon? How much?

Harvey P. Moyer,
President of the Co-Operative Printing Co.

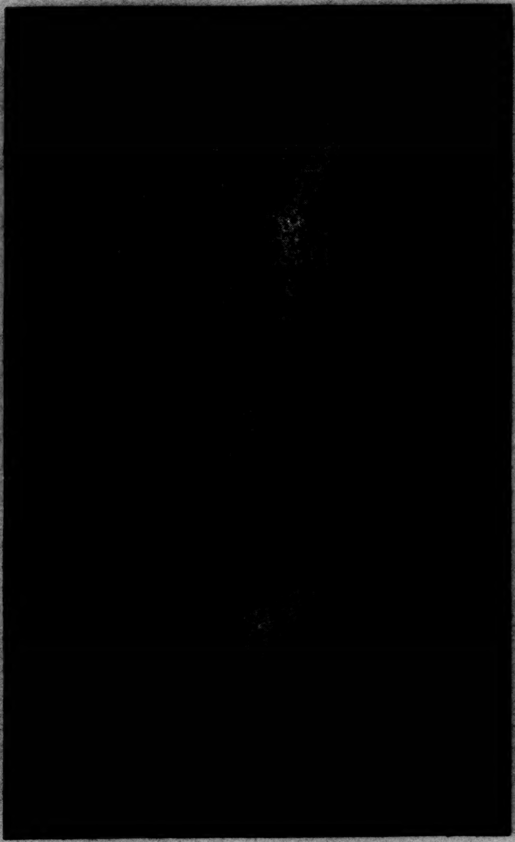
WOULD THEY?

By Robt. A. McJunkin

If a child and rich man died today,
Do you think they would travel the salf-same way?
If the child was a child of Poverty Hill,
Whose workers existed by right of his mill;
And the care that was due that child was sold—
For its mother must work to earn his gold !
And the child at play in its childish ways
On the street—too close to one of his drays.
And if he had ordered with thought and care
The plan of his life and had thought to share
Of his wealth in ways that would surely win
Praise, contentment, joy, and a crown for him;
Large charities bestowed and churches built—
Strange thought that a church can cover one's guilt!
On the six days worked all his fellowmen,
But the Sabbath kept, and all of the "Ten."
If this child and rich man should die today,
Do you think they would travel the self-same way?

The Coming Cataclysm

The Essence of a Letter and Its Reply, By Reginald Fenton, Coronado, Cal.



"Mr. Reginald Fenton—Dear Sir: We seem to have no common ground except the conviction that at present the whole world (meaning the present social order) is going headlong to the devil. You have a theory, beautiful in itself, but wholly baseless, as it seems to me, that in some way the ultimate fatality is to be averted." * * *

* * *

My Dear Comrade: I am glad that you admit that we have at least one common ground of thought in the conviction that the existing System is going headlong to the devil. With you and me, in that persuasion, many differing minds are conjoined. Roosevelt says that unless Big Business submits to political regulation of its legalized plunderings, its corps of malefactors of wealth will land this country in anarchy—the one-eyed tyranny of the super-wealthy. Taft, however, sees the approach of a cataclysm even more searching that that feared by his official predecessor. He says that if the oligarchy of wealth will not permit a just administration of the rules of the game (that's what his Boston speech amounts to) "Socialism will triumph and the Institution of Private Property will perish." Old Mark Hanna—simple brute-man—growled: The next crisis is going to be a struggle for the plunder between the ultimate consumer and the Republican party: "Socialism is the coming political issue."

In fact, men of all shades of intellectual structure and personal interest are agreed that the present system of competitive plunder which has served during the past thousands of years as an integument for human life activities, can no longer contain the energies of the increase of knowledge with which the collective human mind has been supplied by God, for the purposes of His own expanding business. All men who are not fools see the inevitability of the bursting of that integument in the very near future. All the fools, as well as a still large majority of those who have a little sense, are eager and anxious to "reform" the boiler; to scale its inside and reinforce with hands and patches the outer shell. Some think a handsome coat of paint and a little gilding are what it needs most. None, in the quoted category, are intelligently able to see that the integument is insufficient and obsolete. They cannot imagine what there can be to replace it if the cataclysm announced by those who have studied the matter scientifically should by any chance supervene. Nothing but "blood and fire and vapor of smoke" is apparent to such minds. "The wilderness doth shut them in, the sea lies in front." And so they want to go backward! But Socialists cry "Forward!"

And you, an insider, practically cognizant of the stupifying swindle which our system of administration of law has become, and spiritually groaning under the perception that this once most holy function has degenerated into a graft-saturated nightmare of casuistical insanities, by means of which and from amongst the filth of society you yourself must rake the bread for wife and bairns; you, inwardly convinced that this "Abomination of Desolation" standing in the holy place, is hurrying the carcass of existing civilization "headlong to Hell" —you, I say, shriek in a spiritual anguish, not "What must I do," but "There is nothing possible to be done; your theory is beautiful but baseless."

Do not say so. Permit the Divine Power which is now permeating the common sense of every thinker who will admit its entrance there, to cast out that legion of devils, for it is they and not your own common sense intelligence which cries against "Socialism": "What have we to do with thee, thou Holy one of God?" Socialism is more than a theory; it is, as the Tarsian philosopher wrote long since, "The normal social System in the heavens."

But as to the first premise: you are luminously right. In the utter breakdown of our system of the administration of law one may see the final "sign of the end": for Society which can somehow subsist with, and has often staggered along under, a jumble of more or less insane laws, cannot subsist under a systematically insane administration of the current "rules of the game." A system of society constructed of most one-sided laws, but which shall be impartially and sanely administered, is preferable and will be more stable than a system of most perfectly adjusted theories, insanely and dishonestly administered. And the worst of it is, and such is the hopelessness of our national case, that "insanity" has become so prescriptively ingrained into the system of administration that technical ability and personal character on the bench and at the bar tells in inverse ratio. Truly, you are right: "therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and their glory and pomp and power, and they that rejoice therein, shall go down into it."

Hitherto I have put this point a little more mildly by applying to it an old prophecy: "The salt of the earth, when it shall have lost its savor, is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men;" and the point I so persistently make is that the condition precedent having become accomplished fact, the sequence is sure and near at hand. A casting-out; an absolute discard; a "cataclysm" which shall wash the decks clear for the reception of the new System of Civilization which is lying ready within the shell of existing conditions of the collective human mind.

But your Tafts, your Roosevelts, and even your Bergers, though each class of mind is acutely conscious of the facts and their tendencies, and by no means blind to the seriousness of the climax, still flatter themselves that they have nostrums which can so reform the facts and divert the tendencies as to mitigate the severity of the climax. In this un-godly twilight, such minds will not, cannot, conceive of the possiblity of such a "happy retribution" as "God hath prepared."

Cannot conceive? Why not? Because, like you and tens of thousands of "fearful and unbelieving" who "see, yet tremble," and though they patronizingly confess an Intelligent Being, whose existence no one, not a fool, can deny (as you so neatly put it) are, nevertheless, quite unable to conceive of Him as able to plan, and organize, and control the evolutionary sequences of His own "business." True, they are in plenty of company; there are millions of such spiritual idiots in the world who talk of their "gods" as imbeciles in need of a guardian. **This state of mind is ten times more deplorable than the state so glibly called "atheism."** Do not make any mistake on this point.

In this state of idiotic-theism (to coin a word) the Taft minds, the Roosevelt minds, and several other cranked classes of mind (because they have sufficient intelligence to see through a millstone)are looking for a "smash-up" and wild confusion, to be followed by a world-wide reign of terror, to end by the extinction of civilization in a deluge of blood and a blaze of fire. Therefore you are "doing your best to keep local politics decent," and the Carnegies and the Rockefellers and Roosevelts seem to you "like men who are at least doing what little they can to postpone the dawn of an evil day." Oh, doubting heart; "whereas the goodness of God endureth **every day;**" and there never was and never will be an "evil day" but what man, of choice, made it, or will make it. No, "comrade," I will put it a little different, by a quotation which better defines the men and the condition and their feverish activities: "Because, seeing (in current facts) that which may be seen of **Him,**" seeing the truth, but holding it in **wrong-adjustment,** "they honor **Him** not as God; therefore He has given them over to vile affections and minds void of judgment."

Fortunately, our sensual "near-sight," which naturally permits us to infer only the consequences which are obviously connected with the immediately apparent, cannot alter one single item of the program which the aforesaid Intelligence laid out in the long, long ago; a program which sane and sober multitudes following one another through more than three thousand years have believed is prerecorded in that unique body of literature which we have named the Bible. A Book which, from the commencement of its materialized evolution almost down to the present day, has been **grossly misunderstood** as to its most **practical and Divinely intended** meanings and uses.

"Where, of all heaven and earth," you ask, do I get the certitude of foreknowledge which astonishes you. There; from that Book; that's where I get it. I'm not a freak exception in this. Today there are dozens in print who have developed similar certitude, and express it with much fuller detail than I. They, too, assert that their conclusions are arrived at from careful study of the same Book. As a matter of notoriety there are thousands who have, by the same medium, arrived at strong conviction that **an "end of a world-cycle"** is near at hand. That's the material point; the **form** of the cataclysm conceived of is of far lesser importance as a determinant of our hopes and practical actions in respect of the imminence of that which is to come. What all are seemingly convinced of (even the Hannas, the Tafts and the Roosevelts) is that **a tremendous metamorphosis in the fundamental conditions upon which the affairs of mankind are carried on and human life activities are possible, is to be expected in the near future.** Such as these are quite convinced that the change **menaces the personal interests of their class**; therefore their frenzied activities—**their insane activities**—are bent towards the staving off that "evil day," even though they, the controllers of the national bread baskets, have to spend one-half of the children's bread to feed the dogs of war, in preparation for their last ditch in this **their fight against God!**

However, "the hypnotism of biblical study" does not appeal to you; neither does it to an overwhelming majority of the "well educated." Nevertheless, the "Intelligent Being" whom you patronize has not left Himself without witnesses. The Tafts and Roosevelts and Hannas are witnessing for Him by their howls of apprehension. Yes, and over against them are a sober, studious, altruistic multitude of "naturalists" with shouts of welcoming joy, exhibiting their "naturally scientific" findings in proof of the natural inevitability of the "smash-up," and at the same time are offering a Hypothesis of Civilzation, for the first time in history, scientifically based and organized upon and according to the "nature and the force of things;" instead of as all heretofore, the empiric scramble by the forces of personal appetite and prejudice. These—without any reference to or patronage of any hypothetical "Intelligence"—scientifically demonstrate, from the observable facts, that of natural necessity **the mutating cataclysm** must eventuate in the not very distant future. Thus, you see, all classes of minds are looking for a cataclysm; some as a divine event, some as an evolutionary process; other some as a possibly-to-be-staved-off consequence of bad political generalship; a radical change of politico-economic **conditions,** which some hail with hope, whilst others deplore with apprehension, cursing meanwhile the hopeful disturbers of their peace of mind.

To come back to my theory: I would have you note that such a catacylsm as is thus widely expected is recorded as the **express** crux of the Biblical proposition of the "end" of the current cycle of human social organization (there styled the kingdom of this world), which is to be **immediately followed** by the establishment of another kind of human societarial organization, there styled the Kingdom of God on earth.

As to the narrow time limit which I assume remains before the cataclysm shall occur, read Mr. Taft's calm, clear-cut prediction; sane, sound, sober President Taft deduces it as of the almost immediate future—**"unless."** But he need not stipulate that "unless," for "there ain't going to be any" unless. Back of Taft's forecast lie data for calculation lavishly spread through the record of the "business program" of that Intelligence whose existence no man, not a fool, can deny.

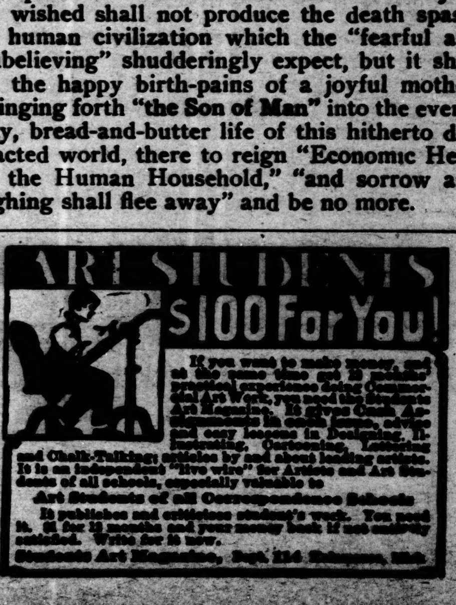
As to what is going to happen after the "smash-up," I'll back Daniel, Isaiah and the Seer of Patmos against the apprehensive forebodings of Taft, Roosevelt or Carnegie any day.

You remind me that you also cited scripture, and that your citations were to the contrary of the above proposition. You certainly did, but are you sure you applied the facts there indicated in a right perspective? Certain doubters cited the scriptures to a man whom they met on the road to Emmaus. They were stigmatized as "fools and blind" for citing them out of due perspective.

Do you remember what a most eminent jurist said in apology for the reversal of the judicial precedents of a hundred years as to the constitutionality of an Income Tax by a supreme court suddenly obfuscated by eloquence and the election returns? He said that Mr. Choate had put the old facts in a new perspective, where their true meaning was seen **for the first time.**

Now, it is my hope that, by advocates in a nobler cause, the facts of the economic rights of "the least of these my brethren," will be put in a new perspective before the Supreme Court of the Common Sense of the Human Mind and in the light of the Glory of the yet cloud-veiled presence of the Son of Man. Then, in that light, and from the new viewpoint, the "natural" precedents of all historic time upon the doctrine of private ownership will be seen to be invalid, and shall be declared to be infamous.

Then, and not till then, "Socialism will triumph and the Institution of Private Property will perish." That consummation devoutly to be wished shall not produce the death spasm of human civilization which the "fearful and unbelieving" shudderingly expect, but it shall be the happy birth-pains of a joyful mother, bringing forth **"the Son of Man"** into the everyday, bread-and-butter life of this hitherto distracted world, there to reign "Economic Head of the Human Household," "and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" and be no more.



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A SOCIALIST PRAYER

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman in The Forerunner

The majority of Christians, at least when young, recite once or twice a day and again on Sunday, that measured and beautiful appeal known as "The Lord's Prayer."

For many years, for many centuries, in many lands, we have repeated these words, yet never have we observed the most salient feature of the petition—its collectivism.

It is "Our Father," we address, it is to "us" that we ask "daily bread" to be given, for "us" and "our trespasses" we crave forgiveness, and for "us" we seek deliverance from evil and safety from temptation.

Age after age, a million tongues have murmured these words in Latin, in Greek, even in Hebrew; in every modern and many an ancient language; yet read them wrongly.

In our hearts we say: "My Father who art in Heaven——" "Give me my daily bread——" "Forgive me my trespasses as I forgive those who trespass against me——" "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil——" This is what we think and feel while using those clear words.

We pray first that the Kingdom of God may come on earth, His will be done here as in Heaven.

This, if it means anything, means a desire on our part for such a world as our best conception of God imagines He would like. Even the lowest interpretation can hardly fail to see that to make this world more like Heaven means to lighten toil, to ensure provision, to establish peace and mutual service.

This is precisely the aim of Socialism, and its proposed methods merely carry into economic expression the worded wish of the prayer.

"The will of God" is a thing long guessed at, and explained according to the prevailing view of the time. The prevailing view of this time is from the base of scientific knowledge. We now assume that the "will of God" means health, intelligence, normal development, beauty, joyous fulfillment of all life's processes; and economic measures which promote such things must be in accordance with it.

"Our daily bread" is a most natural and rational desire. "Give us each day our daily bread——" We ask God for it. We do not expect to be fed by ravens surely, or on manna, or the persistent quail. This daily bread is produced by people, by the labor of mankind. Mankind, then, has it in its power to give us our daily bread; yet mankind, in the mass, is still hungry. The majority of human beings are still insufficiently and improperly fed and uncertain even of that. Why do we not, once and for all, ensure to Us Our daily bread? Think of praying for two thousand years for a thing wholly in our own hands to provide.

Socialism simply, honestly, efficiently and permanently secures to us our daily bread.

As to our debts or trespasses—whichever we call them—there is no difficulty at all in forgiving them as soon as the pronoun "our" is fully accepted. Humanity's sins are common, not personal; collective, not individual.

Every one of us is to blame for the sins of the age; no ruthless punishment of picked criminals affects that common responsibility. Anger and retaliation, directed by Us, against Ourselves, is plainly foolish. Withdraw the idea of a personal offender and our rage foams helplessly.

"We, We, the great slow mass of us, are The Offender; "We" must forgive "Us"—not a difficult thing to do. When we stop trying to punish criminals and give our really capable minds to the matter of preventing crime, we shall soon have no more trespasses to forgive.

Temptation? The world is full of temptation—of our own making. Here we pray to God not to lead us into temptation, and then spread temptation broadcast among ourselves. This is like praying, "lead us not into the mud," and then pushing one another into the mud the world over.

Socialism by removing poverty removes the largest temptation on earth; and by ensuring the economic freedom of women, removes the next largest.

Let us recognize the Socialism in this prayer; pray still, but Do as well as Pray.

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The weekly Christian Socialist was entered as second-class matter January 5, 1911, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

POST OFFICE NOW PAYING

Postmaster General Hitchcock's annual report shows that the U. S. postoffice department is now paying expenses—for the first time in thirty years. There is a favorable balance of $1,000,000 for last year, against a deficit of more than seventeen millions two years ago.

In this connection there are two shameful facts that must not be forgotten: First, the railroad companies are still being paid many millions of dollars each year in excess of a fair rate for carrying the mails and for rent of cars. If the U. S. government obtained the same railroad rates that the express companies do, there would be an enormous profit in the postal department every year. This gigantic graft of the railroads on the government is well known and was mentioned in one of Roosevelt's messages. This graft is vastly increased by false weighing of the mails during the periods of general estimate. The people should agitate this matter unceasingly until the great steal is stopped. No monarchial government tolerates such well-known public robbery.

Second, Postmaster General Hitchcock has wickedly "economized" in dealing with the mail clerks. They are greatly overworked and underpaid and are forbidden to organize or even to petition for better conditions. Let the railroad graft be eliminated and let the saving from the railroads be given to the mail clerks in better wages, shorter work days and safer and healthier conditions of labor.

The surplus in the postal department ought to stop the scheme of Taft to charge the magazines higher rates. President Taft's recommendation to reduce letter postage to one cent, though it would save the Christian Socialist office hundreds of dollars per year and some business firms hundreds of thousands, ought not to be acted upon until the postoffice employes have been rescued from their extreme poverty and slavery, nor until the newspapers and magazines are safe from the threat of increased rates. One cent postage would benefit business houses rather than the people in general, whereas the vast increase in the cost of general reading matter as a result of increased postage on papers and magazines would be a heavy blow at popular education. Postoffice "economy" should not be practiced in favor of the railroads and "big business" at the expense of the common people.

Another thing: The war department, the naval department, the department of the interior, the foreign consuls, etc., do not pay expenses. They are supported out of other government revenues for the advantage of "big business." Why should the postal department, the one government department which most benefits the masses, be required to pay expenses? Let the postal service be improved until it is the first in the world without robbing the postal employers, or increasing rates on newspapers.

Besides, it is well known that a parcels post would save the country millions and make millions for the postal department. Other nations have parcels post privileges in America, while the American people are denied them. Americans should have at least equal rights with the inhabitants of foreign countries with reference to the American postal service. Let us have a parcels post, Mr. Taft.

THE PRIZE STORIES

At last the editorial committee has finished its work on the stories in the prize contest. There were sixty-six manuscripts submitted, all of which were read by two members of the Committee. Thirty-eight of these manuscripts were not considered acceptable. Twenty-eight stories successfully passed this ordeal and were accepted as worthy to be printed. These were carefully reread by three members of the Committee, two of whom read them twice, and the prizes were awarded after the most careful consideration by each member of the Committee separately, and then in consultation together. The Committee fully realizes what the writers of these stories will doubtless feel, that some of the stories which did not win a prize have certain points of superiority to the stories that won; but all points considered, the Committee feels sure that the three stories decided upon as prize-winners are the best, but there were several other stories almost as good, some of which might have been among the prize-winners had they not transgressed the limit of 2,000 words.

The other conditions of the contest, as printed when the prizes were offered, are as follows, reprinted from our issue of Jan. 19:

> The first prize will be $15.00, the second $10.00, the third $5.00. This is not much money to offer, but we feel that any one capable of writing a real Socialist story ought to be willing to donate the greater part of his labor.
>
> This contest is open to both men and women of all ages. The conditions are as follows:
>
> 1. The story must be clearly adapted to the Christian Socialist.
> 2. It must be not less than 500 nor more than 2,000 words long.
> 3. It must be written in English on good white paper, on one side of the paper only, with a typewriter, or in plain, large handwriting with ink, leaving ample space between the lines.
> 4. The novelty and striking interest of the plot, the orthographical, grammatical and rhetorical perfection of the language, the sentiment, and the dramatic skill with which the story is set forth will be the four main points upon which the judgment will be rendered.
> 5. All manuscripts for this contest must be at the Christian Socialist office not later than March 1. The sooner the better after you have worked your story over the best you can. Work it over and over and rewrite it several times before you call it "done," if you are an amateur writer.
> 6. The Chicago members of the Board of Directors of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST, who constitute the regular Editorial Committee, will be the judges of these stories. And their labor of reading and discussing these manuscripts will be sufficient to entitle them to claim for use in the paper, also any story which may not be deemed one of the three very best, but which is worthy of publication. The manuscripts not considered suitable for publication in our paper will be returned to their owners.

The Prize Winners

The winner of the first prize of $15.00 is Georgia Kotsch. Her interesting story, "The Bloom and the Blight," appears in this issue.

The winner of the second prize of $10.00 is William Yerington. His tragic narrative, "The Worm," will appear soon.

The third prize of $5.00 was won by Eva M. Brantano, whose wierd tale, "The Spirit of Christ," will follow in due course.

Among the stories that nearly obtained prizes were these:

"How the Minister Was Won," by Della Wilson Nichols;
"Chastened," by Herve K. Fiske;
"The Derelict," by Robert M. Darbee;
"Two Ends of a Bargain," by C. L. Jones;
"The Inner Eye," by Grace C. White;
"His First Convert," by Sara Bord Ehrgott;
"My Friend the Revolutionist," by Myra M. Kerns;
"The Young Minister's Charge," by Lizzie M. Holmea.

Other good and acceptable stories are the following:

"Too Late," by Mary Kroh Colvin;
"Broken Hearts," by Benjamin Keech;
"A Robber's Confession," by James L. Smiley;
"Nobody but Jim," by Bernice McCally Pollock;
"Great Intentions and Little Desires," by Mrs. S. F. J. Linn;
"The Conversion of Charlie Dodge," by Mary E. Burnet.
"War—A Legend," by G. N. Maten;
"The Last and the Least," by A. O. Cassar;
"The Author," by P. Phillips Huyett;
"A Little Child Shall Lead Them," by Lena M. Winkle;
"Does It Pay?" by Marguerite Mitchell;
"How the Farmer Boy Became a Socialist," by John P. Klotzback;
"Reunited," by J. H. Bristol;
"How Father Became a Socialist," by L. P. Adair;
"The Crucible of Experience," by J. C. Bever;
"The Lucky Bags," by Louis Long.

Although nothing was promised those whose work was graded below third place, we desire to express our appreciation of the above stories by presenting each writer a year's subscription to the Christian Socialist.

The future issues of this paper will be enriched by the stories above named as space will permit. Meanwhile let all story writers sharpen their pencils and their wits for the next prize story contest which will be announced before long with larger prizes.

The manuscripts that were not acceptable have been returned to the writers with earnest thanks for their efforts. If the name of any contestant does not appear above, or if he has not received his manuscript, let him please write us about it.

WHAT'S A MAN?

A thirty-page booklet by Richard W. Lewis, published by the Advance Company, Nashville, Tenn. "Breezy Chats with Busy Men" on the value of spiritual life and development. Too abrupt and jerky in style. Some grand old fashioned truths declared, some new found truths repudiated.

"Man looks up. The monkey theory points down." Can any one conceive of a greater LOOKING UP and MARCHING UP than the theory of evolution? The monkey tail descends, but the "monkey tale" does not descend.

"My friend, McAdoo, is a wiseacre." He surely is, or he would not be at the head of the Hudson River Tunnel Company, but is the friendship of a "captain of finance" a thing for a disciple of Jesus to boast of? It was not McAdoo's "giving up" that made his millions, but the "holding up" of the people. Mr. Lewis ought to read the Gospel of Jesus all over again.

The book has good points, and emphasizes the deep, tremendous need of recognizing the true self above its material belongings; but its philosophic undercurrent seems to flow along the channel of pagan economics rather than of Christian ethics or modern collective ideals. "A bookkeeper in the bank does not get up to the presidency until he has given up ease, superficial service and inaccuracy for hard, painstaking, thorough-going, self-sacrificing work." Does Mr. Lewis actually believe that bank presidents "get there" in that way? He must have forgotten certain other essential qualifications and possessions that will occur to any intelligent person.

Getting ready to die is not the chief business of life, but to lay the axe into the root of the upas tree of mammonism that makes this world a hell and prevents the coming of God's kingdom is the manly thing to do. It is of small use to talk of "giving up" and "leveling up" and "going up" unless one opposes the one evil that makes such things impossible. Religious talk is very cheap, which does not attack the real citadel of vice, want and misery. We can not serve both God and mammon. We must "hate one and love the other."

A Bad Egg.—"He always was a bad egg, but nobody seemed to notice it while he was rich."

"Yes, he was all right until he was broke."—Sacred Heart Review.

Money is better than charity for covering a multitude of sins.

For Young Crusaders

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers, 901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

TO THE NEWFOUNDLAND COMRADE CRUSADER

The issue for May 11th is just to hand, and I see that in my hurry in preparing the copy for it, I neglected to answer the questions contained in the letter from May Athens Grimes. In the first place, we do have quite cold weather in Virginia, with plenty of ice, and snow quite frequently. Our seasons vary from the ones in Newfoundland, about six weeks or more according to the general weather conditions. There are no flowers that bloom all winter—you have to go as far south as Georgia for that, I think. My children make more fuss about "cold, icy rooms to dress in," I dare say, than many do in the "frozen north!"

I think the negroes are very well treated here in the south, and if worthy, are highly regarded. I am a northern woman, but have lived for some years in the south, and I do not think that the northern people really care any more for the negroes than the southerners do, if as much. You are quite right to be fond of all who are kind and good, without regard to the color of their skins, dear little comrade. Many southern children love their colored nurses very dearly, and a faithful old colored servant is prized above rubies. There is a Socialist local here, but it makes no effort to attract women or children. I hope there will some day be a Christian Socialist Fellowship here, which will change things in this respect. My children attend a playground, and their favorite game just now is "jack rocks." Aunt Kathryn.

* * *

1630 C Street, Granite City, Ill., March 12.

Dear Aunt Kathryn—The **Christian Socialist** comes to our house. I have read the letters from other boys and girls, and I think I am the only one writing from Illinois so far, and I hope to get your picture. I am ten years old, and live across the river from St. Louis, Mo. There are 12,000 people here. We elected one alderman last month, and expect to elect a mayor next month. A Republican came to our house. I was talking about Mr. Debs. He said: "Bad men go to jail, so Debs must be a bad man." I asked him if he was hungry and stole something to eat and got put in jail, would he be bad? He did not say anything. My mamma was a Socialist, and has been dead five years. I live with my papa and brother, who is fifteen years old and in high school. My sister is seventeen, and a Socialist, and has kept house. She is going to write to Lula Andrews of Los Angeles. I remain, your little Socialist friend,

Florence Harris.

That picture is surely going to reach all our Young Crusaders by July 4th. I have been so very busy that I could not make an engagement to have the picture taken since the flag was done, which has been only a few days now (May 15th), and I am going to be unable to attend to it for two more weeks. Then it shall be done, and the cards made just as soon as possible, so all who want the picture must write me before July first. Take pains with your letters, so the waste basket will stay empty. There are a good number on the waiting list now, as I have not been able to publish them as fast as they came.

* * *

Dow, Okla., March 13.

Dear Aunt Kathryn—Mamma has been reading the **Christian Socialist** to us, and as we are all Socialists of the deepest dye, we are eager to join the Young Crusader's brigade, and try to do what we can for the noble cause. Papa, mama, sister, brother and myself all think the **Christian Socialist** is a great paper for the movement. We think that its value cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. If any one wants to insult my little brother, Cecil, all they have to do is to tell him he isn't a Socialist. We think the story of Helen Brown's Conversion is simply grand, don't you? We hope we will get your picture. Long may you live and work for the cause of right and justice. We are your little comrades,

Olive Wilcox (9 years)
Maude Wilcox (7 years)
Cecil Wilcox (5 years)

What a dear little "bunch" of Socialists we have here! None of the best things can be "reckoned in dollars and cents," can they? But we must not forget that they cost "dollars and cents," and lots of them, to produce. The very best way to work for Socialism is to send in a nice list of subscribers. Suppose you try what you can do in this way?

* * *

Kelowna, British Columbia, March 12.

Dear Aunt Kathryn—I have been reading some of the letters written by the other children, so I thought I would write to tell you about British Columbia. We grow fruits and vegetables. Kelowna has taken more prizes for fruit in the last three years than all of B. C. together. My father won a silver medal with $50.00 for one apple. It is a beautiful climate here. We have had quite a lot of snow this winter, and it is thawing now. My father takes the **Christian Socialist**, and he is studying Socialism. He thinks it is a great study to broaden one's mind and sympathies toward your fellow men. He often reads to us children short articles about the conditions of the poor people who live in the slums and other places, and intends to use his vote to help them in the future. I like listening to the articles he reads us, very much. I go to Sunday school and day school as well. I like my teacher. We have a lady teacher in Sunday school, and there are thirteen in our class, not counting her. We have a Sunday school library from which I get very good books. I am much interested in nature study books, and I like reading about the poor people as well. Every year we send some money away to help them.

Very sincerely, Sylvia Weeks.

We certainly do have nice letters, and from a very fortunate and happy lot of Young Crusaders, too. This is the first and only one who did not mention her age. I should guess from her letter that she must be at least ten or twelve. My father used to raise prize apples, too, and oh, how good they did taste! Apples have been so high here this winter (fifty and seventy-five cents a peck for only moderately good ones), that I am almost starved for them, not being able to purchase as many as usual. Lucky girl! Will you let me stay in your apple bin as long as I like, if I come to B. C.?

* * *

Siskiyou, Oregon, March 15.

Dear Aunt Cathryn—Mamma said you wanted children to write to you, so I thought I would. I am in the 7th grade, and am 12 years old. Papa and mamma are both Socialists. We take the Appeal, **Christian Socialist**, Hope, The Coming Nation and the Socialist Party Bulletin. Papa reads the **Christian Socialist** of an evening, and we all enjoy it. Mamma and I heard Comrade Debs speak at Medford the 23rd of last October. Mamma said it was one of the best lectures she ever heard. I have a little cousin born January 4th, who is named Victor L., after Victor L. Berger, our first Socialist Congressman. For pets I have a chicken and a kitten. My six-year-old brother also has a kitten the same age as mine. They like to play together of an evening about the time the sun is setting. Your friend,

May I. Batchelder.

Don't you think that verse describes Comrade Debs exactly, Comrade May? Do you know, I never thought, when I was writing about him, that he would read what I wrote? Am so glad I didn't, for I'm afraid it would have embarrassed me! Just think—he wrote and thanked me, and said he would try to deserve what I said of him! He is on the road lecturing now, and will see this, too, I suppose, so I won't say any more about him, except to thank him, for his letter!

I met Mr. and Mrs. Berger when I was in Washington the last of April, and liked them so much—but am too bashful to say any more, for fear they may see this and think I am "fishing" for a letter of thanks from them! It does seem so sociable and nice to meet our noted "comrades" and find them just like "home folks," as they all seem to be. Never met one yet who was one of the "stand off, and show your passport" kind, not caring to be liked or to like you, as some cold-blooded folk I know, do.

* * *

134 N. Front St., Reading Pa., March 21.

Dear Aunt Kathryn—I am a boy fourteen years of age, and am a Socialist. I belong to the Socialist local. My father and mother and my two brothers and their wives are Socialists. I go to hear every speaker who comes to our town. We were refused the use of the Hippodrome theater for the speakers, so we are using the Academy of Music. I still go to school, and there are forty-two boys in our room. There were only two Socialists in our room at first—myself and Hiram Kissinger, a boy who also belongs to the local. Now there are thirty-three with the teacher. I take the **Christian Socialist** to school with me and she reads it aloud. My father has turned more than twenty-five in one ward. He turned a minister that everybody was afraid of, by talking and letting him read the **Christian Socialist**. He is now speaking it from the pulpit at his church. My aunt has a large class at Sunday school, consisting of men. She also reads them the **Christian Socialist**. We have elected Mr. Maurer to the state Legislature, and expect to have a mayor, a lot of aldermen, the sheriff and a few more at our next election, so you can see we are trying to be the second Socialist city in the United States.

Yours truly, George Conrad.

Whew! There's a "pace maker" for you to follow, Crusader boys! Don't stop, comrade, till you are through the high school, if not the college. You are the sort we need, these days. Who will be the next to report such encouraging progress? Aunt Kathryn.

Notes and Comments

—BY—

GEORGE H. STROBELL

5 Lincoln Park. Newark, N. J.

Our readers have all probably noticed the arrest of the three trade union men for complicity in the Los Angeles explosion. They noticed that the case resembles the Moyer-Haywood frame-up. Union labor and the Socialist party with powerful organizations and press have, with one accord, denounced the affair as a conspiracy of the master class against which and for the defense of the imprisoned men all their power will be exerted.

As usual the organs of the Capitalist class have done their utmost by vivid decoctions and faked stories and confessions, by extolling the honesty, reputation and prowess of this man Burns to create an impression of the guilt of the union men. As the trial approaches these stories and denunciations will grow in virulence and hostility to the endangered men, and yet the District Attorney of Los Angeles says: "Let organized labor and others suspend judgment and await the results of a fair trial under American laws in an American court before a jury of American citizens."

With what a supreme arrogance, this man, elected by the votes of the working class, advises them. The prisoners are his to try because "American law" framed in Indiana for their protection, has been raped and they have been kidnaped into a hostile environment to stand trial before a middle class prejudiced jury, from which every union man will be barred. The whole machinery, courts, judges, jury and prosecutorship will be manned by the feudal retainers of Big Capital which owns Southern California absolutely.

That "American law, American courts and American judges" are not to give American justice to American workingmen is the acknowledged belief, resulting from practical experience, of the working class. "The Appeal to Reason" has, with its usual directness, shown the best means of saving our comrades from the doom decreed them:

"Carry California for Socialism."

The trial, with its attendant complications and appeals to higher courts, will easily last two or three years. It will solidify the trade unions, the labor party and the Socialist party into one compact militant force. **CALIFORNIA CAN BE CARRIED.** The capitalist exploiters will rue the day they laid their wires for this outrage against organized labor. It means the end of their rule.

Let every one interested in this result contribute to a fund that will enable the **Christian Socialist** to extend its circulation in that state. Every minister of the Gospel should receive it.

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A bulletin issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission May 2nd, shows that 2,659 persons were killed and 19,927 injured during the last three months of last year. There was an additional 114 persons killed and 1,031 injured on interstate trolley lines. In three months!

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When Stitt Wilson was elected Mayor of Berkely, California, several weeks ago, the organs of the "interests" announced that it was an "accident." But a couple of days ago another election was held in Berkely, which had adopted the commission form of government, for two Commissioners and two members of the School Board. Not a line appeared in the Eastern papers giving the result of the second election, probably for the reason that the Socialists swept the city and secured all four offices by 300 to 1,000 majority over the fusion Republican-Democratic ticket. Now the Socialists have complete control of Berkely.

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Governor Johnson, of California, has signed the municipal act providing for the initiative, referendum and recall in cities. The measure will take effect May 13.

According to the bill, any elective municipal officer in the state may be recalled four months after taking office.

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The Rev. Father Gasson of the Order of Jesuits, in an address in Boston, used these words: "The only true Socialists, anyway, are members of religious orders of the Catholic church." That's good. We won't argue who are the "best" Socialists so long as all hands advocate the principles of Socialism and act consistently on election day.

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The Milk Producers' Association of the vicinity of Chicago has fixed the price of milk to the dairy companies for the coming summer at an average of 2.85 cents per quart. The consumer at present pays 8 cents per quart. Thus the consumer must pay 5.15 cents per quart for distribution and only 2.85 cents for production. Anyone who has worked on a dairy in the "good old times" when the same man who milked the cows peddled the milk in town for five cents a quart knows that the farmer earned all that he got and more. Now the large dairy company stands between the producer and consumer and says to the farmer, "You help us pay dividends," in other words, "divide up" with us, "or you can't sell milk;" and to the consumer, "You help us pay dividends or you cannot buy any milk." How much longer will people stand for the private ownership of the things upon which their very lives depend?

The International Sunday School Lessons for 1911

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Hazelwood M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

LESSON FOR JUNE 11

Hezekiah's Great Passover—2 Chron. 30

Golden Text, 1 Sam. 16:7: Man looketh on the outward appearance but Jehovah looketh on the heart.

The Sources of Information

Surely, it is the common habit of man to look upon and judge from external appearance. We must revise this method and follow the example of the Almighty and look below the surface if we would see things as they are.

Hezekiah's "Passover" forms an important lesson and in order to understand its moral import it is necessary, for obvious reasons, for the student to read at least all scriptural references bearing upon it. Before deciding whether the Reform conducted by Hezekiah was "Great," in the sense of being good, you should read carefully and compare 2 Kings, 16-20, 2 Chron., 28-33, Isaiah, 1-40, and all of Hosea and Micah.

Hezekiah and His Activity

Hezekiah was the son of a weak, short-sighted, head-strong and wicked father. Ahaz was short-lived. He came to the throne at twenty, reigned sixteen years, died at thirty-six and was deemed unfit to be buried in the royal cemetery. Hezekiah, his son, began to reign when he was five and twenty years old and reigned over the destinies of Judah for twenty-nine years; dying at the age of fifty-four.

There is little question about his calibre. He was a great man. His greatness stands out in marked contrast to the littleness of his father. "Of all the monarchs," says Prof. Rawlinson, "who ruled over the kingdom of Judah after its separation from Israel, Hezekiah is the most remarkable, and the interest which attaches to the history of the separate kingdom culminates in him. He was a statesman, a warrior, a poet, an antiquarian, an engineer, and the leader of a most important religious movement. Judea in his day seemed to be at the point of dissolution; it was to him that she owed a recovery, which gave her a fresh lease of life, and enabled her to outlive her sister kingdom by nearly a century and a half."

Hezekiah's religious activity was destructive and constructive. They went on simultaneously. At the same time that he was destroying the impious innovations introduced by his father, Ahaz, he was opening the house of Jehovah, fitting it for worship, preparing the Levites and priests to carry out the ritual and securing gifts for sacrifices. His religious activity reached its climax in reviving the passover and making its observance a national affair. 2 Chron. 29 and 30.

Now the observing student will note three things. First, the religious activity was devoted absolutely to a revival of the forms, ceremonies and ritual of the Jehovistic religion and not to the moral principles involved. A revival of a form of religion without the soul, whether it be Mosaic, Christian, or any other with a moral content, is a snare and a sham.

Second, the political activity was directed toward saving the nation for the benefit of those who ruled it and not for the benefit of the common people. There was no effort made to return to the democracy of former days.

And, third, there was no social reform. Economically, socially and judicially the people were not benefited by Hezekiah's "Great Passover." Not a word is mentioned of any effort being made to right the social wrongs; of stopping the concentration of wealth; of destroying privileged classes; of relieving the oppressed, defending the orphans and helping the widows; of bringing to punishment the lying priest, the grafting judge and the wine-soaked prince. A religious revival that does not touch and purify the fountain and stream of life; that does not go down into the economic and political and up into the domestic and social realms and make them Righteous is a waste of good energy and good money—is absolutely futile.

The Motive for the Activity

When Hezekiah came to the throne the nation was on the verge of moral, economic and political bankruptcy and it was imperative that he do something, and do it immediately, if he would save himself and his nation from extinction. Self-preservation prodded him to action. The religious and moral condition of the nation was bad, very bad. Ahaz, who like Ahab was a reckless idolater, had brought the nation down to the lowest ebb. Idolatry and all the horrible immoralities that go with it, were in evidence everywhere.

An added motive for a national observance of the Passover was the political condition of Israel. At this time, poor Israel was like "a booth in a vineyard or a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," utterly helpless. She was under the iron heel of Shalmmeser, king of Assyria, and on the verge of total collapse.

Remembering now that there was no moral content, no social reform and no fundamental political change for the good of the common people in the religious and political activity of Hezekiah, we must conclude that the basic incentive was personal and class selfishness. There was but one end in view, the restoration of political independence and material prosperity for the special benefit of those in power. The glory of God and the rule of the masses were not in their thought.

Prof. G. A. Smith has estimated the religious activity under Hezekiah in this fashion: "History has many remarkable instances of people betaking themselves in the hour of calamity to the energetic discharge of the public rites of religion. But such a resort is seldom, if ever, a real moral conversion. It is merely physical nervousness, apprehension for life clutching at the one thing within reach that feels solid, which it abandons as soon as panic has passed. When the crowds in Jerusalem betook themselves to the Temple, with unwonted wealth of sacrifice, Isaiah denounced this as hypocracy and futility. To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? said Jehovah. . . . I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear. 1:11-15."

The Results

Hezekiah's activity bore results, but the results were in keeping with the character of the activity. His activity was religious formalism and political organization and it resulted in revived observance of rites and ceremonies and in material prosperity—for a time. The religious revival did not lead to national trust in Jehovah, nor to the adoption of Jehovah's plan for government, nor in the practice of the ethical teachings of the laws of Jehovah.

His political activity resulted in material prosperity, not general, but special. If you will read the records carefully you will notice there is not a word mentioned about general well-being; only the wealth of Hezekiah.

He had a mass of wealth. Where did he get it, and how? The priest said "God gave it to him," but the prophets said from the people through exploitation. To the priest material prosperity was a sign of Divine favor, but to the prophets it was a sure sign of special privilege and oppression. The modern economist must agree with the prophet. Hezekiah got his wealth very much as Ahab and Solomon got theirs.

The effect of ill-gotten wealth and power on Hezekiah was precisely the same as upon all who get them. They simply turned his head and heart; and caused him to forget God and man. They made him so vain that he joyously received the delegation from the court at Babylon and with great pomp "showed them all the house of his precious things, the silver, gold, spices, oil, house of armour, all there was found in his treasures—there was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominion that Hezekiah showed them not." And the record further says: "But Hezekiah rendered not again according to the benefit done him; for his heart was lifted up: therefore there was wrath upon him and upon Judah, and Jerusalem."

Pertinent Questions

There can be no valid objection against religious and political activity on the part of individuals and nations. Both lines of activity are necessary and when engaged in with the proper motive, holy. But the pertinent and important question is: Are these lines of activity carried on with a view to destroy wrong principles and establish good ones; to secure the universal practice of Justice, Mercy and Love; to lead men into a more pure and holy commonwealth; to help men into union with God and man; to bring the kingdom of God upon earth? If not, they are a sham and a snare however and by whom-so-ever done.

What is the motive and nature of our religious activities? Are we actuated more by a spirit of denominational salvation than social salvation? Is it fraught with moral content or ceremonial forms? Do our efforts result in leading men to church or God; to the observance of ritual or the practice of justice; to hypocritical and mock piety on Sunday leaving the brazen deviltry of Monday untouched? Does it spring from a fear of ecclesiastical destruction and the torments of an awful hell or from a deep-seated and burning passion for the righteousness of God? Will it stand in the day of trial?

And what is our political activity? What is our city, state and national policies? What are our alliances and the motives prompting them? How do we use our ballot, and why? Does our individual and national political activity lead to justice, to fuller democracy, to the common-weal? Will it bring God down from the high heavens to where the people live, act and think; into the places of their abode; into shop, factory, mill, school and court? Can they pass muster and be labeled holy under the searching light of justice and truth? Will they stand in the day when our country is threatened by the Assyrian hosts.

If our religious and political activity is no better than Hezekiah's it can do us no permanent good. It will fail us in the day when we need help. It must fall and we shall fall with it. **Justice alone can save us.**

TAKE NOTICE

The price of the Christian Socialist is $1 per year. Five subscriptions for $4. Ten yearly subs $7.50. This is the lowest discount we can make on annuals, on account of the cost of producing the paper.

One regular six-months subscription is 50c. Five for $2.

Special Subs

A special offer of twenty six-months subs for $5 is made with the understanding that these cards are to be used for trial subs by new subscribers. These cards are all marked with an "S," meaning Special, and are not good for renewals. Two of them are not good for a yearly.

We have no choice in this matter of limiting these Specials to new subs and declining to receive two of them for one annual. The cost of the Weekly is so great that we are unable to furnish the paper to regular subscribers at less than the prices quoted in paragraphs one and two above.

Remember the "S" cards are not regular, but Special. We make this special price for these Special subs to encourage the increase of trial subs and to make it easy for any one who wills to send, six-months subs to their many friends. Use them on friends, and on preachers and other picked people near and far, and so help the Weekly Christian Socialist to become more widely read and more firmly established.

Direct legislation is being opposed at the capital of Illinois by a lobby representing the liquor interests. The brewers and distillers suspect that the people might decide to get along with fewer saloons if they could have their own way about it. "Prohibition does not prohibit," of course; but even local prohibition, when it is the result of a referendum of the people, comes so near it that the prospect is a nightmare to the liquor interests.